Volume XCI No. 13 December 26, 1969 40 cents

commonweal

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NEWS & VIEWS

Brave New World

The insensitivity of the military to the amenities of civilization has long since ceased to be a matter of wonderment. What never fails to surprise, however, is the extent of the military's obtuseness.

The point was driven home again by a Navy Public Affairs Office news release from Binh Thuy, featuring, of all things, barbed wire and illustrated with pathetic pictures like that of a tiny Vietnamese child picking her way through waves of sharp coils.

Pretty gruesome stuff. But for the military, beautiful feature material. Great copy for the hometown pulp sheets.

"From border to border, in the cities, hamlets and villages, along the highways and trails, and across every military base—even empty fields—stretch coils of concertina wire defying the elusive Viet Cong," reads this Navy news release. "Sometimes, however, the wire itself seems the enemy as it blocks shortcuts and snares undefended clothing."

(U.S. Navy photo by PH2 S. Langley)

Well, undoubtedly barbed wire is as common an American cultural trademark in Vietnam as Coca Cola, Wrigley's Juicy Fruit and the condom. But to celebrate the fact and make light of the implications—that kind of borders on the obscene.

Consider the cutline to the photo below: "A detour to most, this Vietnamese child has discovered the way to bypass a sticky situation."

It takes some crust to play cute with barbed wire and tots. But the Navy does in General Release No. 618-69.

And that's only one photo and one cutline. We might also have chosen the picture of the torn peasant's jacket snarled on the barbs, or Old Glory waving less than proudly behind a protective maze of barbed wire.

1984 isn't so far away after all.

Nixon and Youth

Eric Sevareid commented after the Dec. 8 Presidential news conference that Nixon, like Kennedy and Johnson before him, had boned up carefully on likely topics of discussion and was well prepared for the questions directed at him.

But was he, really? He didn't give such an impression on the question probing the alienation of youth and "specific plans" of the Administration for reaching young people.

Nixon did a soft shoe about letters received after his Vietnam speech, then begged the question by saying one way not to reach youth is by picking the number one football team of the country.

The answer was weak but revealing. Weak, because to reduce the question to the level of the ranking of football teams is to miss the entire point of the youth movement; revealing, because there obviously are no "specific plans" for reaching youth—indeed, there's great vacancy of thought on the matter.

Nixon terminated the conference with that fumbling response, then whipped out of the room. Under the circumstances, his departure was retreat, not exit.

Deutschlands 'Publik'

Despite the opposition of several bishops, the German Catholic journal of opinion *Publik* has gained a strong lease on life.

Cardinal Doepfner had said that only a miracle could save *Publik*. But miracles evidentally happen in Germany, for the juridical and administrative committee of the German Bishops' Conference voted the subsidy needed for survival.

Publik was founded by the bishops in May, 1968, to offer informed, independent opinion especially on social and political questions. In six months, circulation grew from 43,000 to 60,000.

The bishops provided an initial grant of 15 million marks, but that sum—equivalent to nearly $4 million—was not enough to support a journal of free and candid policy.

When *Publik* asked for a continuing subsidy of 13 million marks, there were protests, many supported by certain conservative bishops. *Publik* was said to be "too critical" and "too much to

A recent issue of Publik

the left" to deserve financing out of the public funds of the church.

Students organized to combat the criticism, and an appeal signed by 80 theologians, scientists and publicists, including Karl Rahner, was addressed to the bishops.

The appeal told the bishops that if *Publik* ceased publication the impression might be gleaned that they were not sympathetic to free speech in the church, not interested in objective discussion of the problems of the world, and fearful of critical dialogue.

Not only did the bishops vote the 13 million marks, but several bishops, Cardinal Doepfner among them, elected to provide additionally extraordinary funds (moneys derived primarily from the sale of church properties) in order to save the weekly. This raised the subsidy another 15 million marks to a total of 28 million. *Publik* can see ahead to 1973.

Odds and Ends

—Congressman Richard Bolling in defense of youth: "The young of America are becoming the scapegoat for the frustrations and fears of adult America . . . We should ask ourselves before it is too late—'Are we becoming the adults our children warn us about?' "

—The Catholic newspaper winning the strongest episcopal support in Archbishop Philip Hannan's poll of U.S. bishops was—hold your pew—*Twin Circle*. "Unfair competition," claimed one wag, pointing to *Twin Circle's* four-color comic strips, of the classics yet. Peck's bad boys: *NCR* among newspapers, *Commonweal* among magazines.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Reviewing the Reviewer

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: We have read with interest the review of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" in the Nov. 21 issue. Please permit us to bring to your attention a slight ambiguity in a reference made in this article to the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. . . . There is the distinct possibility that the statement will be read by the uninformed as an endorsement by NCOMP of Fr. Lauder's position or the film itself. . . . In point of fact the *Newsletter's* review of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* was notably critical of the film on grounds very similar to the ones Fr. Lauder chose to single out as virtues. . . .

RICHARD H. HIRSCH
Executive Editor
Douglaston, N.Y.

To the Editors: When I have an opportunity to see "Bob and Carol & Ted and Alice" a second time, I may discover that my initial reaction to the film was overly enthusiastic and that I was wrong to describe the film as "a brilliant artistic statement about contemporary love" [*America*, Oct. 4]. If this is my experience I will be grateful to Peter Steinfels whose critical reaction to the film [*Commonweal*, Nov. 21] may have been more balanced and accurate than mine.

However, I feel that Mr. Steinfels, in criticizing my article engages in literary overkill. I took the film, for all its humor, to be a serious statement about the necessity of commitment in a love relationship. In discussing my article director Paul Mazursky indicated that I had articulated correctly what he and co-author Larry Tucker had tried to say in their screenplay. Perhaps Mr. Steinfels and other critics are correct in judging that the film fails as a serious statement. My point is that given my interpretation it does not seem so extraordinary that in writing an article for a Catholic magazine I should draw

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1969 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

UNPEACE ON EARTH

As the Catholic bishops of the United States reminded us several years ago, it is the duty of the Christian to walk the extra mile in the search for peace, to be, in season and out, a peacemaker. For the Christian in America at Christmas 1969, this task becomes particularly imperative, and not simply because of Vietnam.

We have made no secret of our opposition to the Vietnam war, knowing full well that not all of our readers agree. Nonetheless, even those who disagree most strongly with us on this issue should be concerned about the growing militarization of American society. In one of his last addresses as President, Dwight D. Eisenhower delivered a now-famous warning against the growing power of a military-industrial complex in the United States. The warning was timely then, and is even more so now, for evidence accumulates, like it or not, that the United States is well on the road to becoming a Warfare State. Americans can, if they wish, close their eyes to the facts, but no one can claim they are hard to come by. Consider, for example, the basic national profile that emerges from readily available, popular-level sources such as the current paperback, *Scandal in the Pentagon: A Challenge to Democracy*, by journalists William McGaffin and Erwin Knoll (A Fawcett-Gold Medal Book).

As McGaffin and Knoll note, the U.S. military budget not only exceeds the arms spending of every other nation but is in fact more than the total Gross National Product of all but eight other countries. Approximately 55 cents out of every dollar of appropriated Federal expenditures are allocated to current military costs, with the price tag for past and future wars adding another 20 cents. Further, the per capita assessment for every man, woman and child in the United States comes to over $400, more than the annual income in many countries and an increase of 60 percent in each citizen's bill over the past five years—this at a time when less than one-tenth of that sum is being spent by the Federal government on the education and training of our citizens. In fact, there is more provided in the current budget for the Safeguard ABM system alone than for higher education in general.

Since World War II the money spent in the name of defense comes to a staggering $1,250,000,000,000 ($1.25 trillion). In the last decade military expenditures have amounted to $551 billion, which is twice the total spent

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for new private and public housing in the United States for the same period and nearly twice as much as that spent on education by local, state and Federal governments combined. The original reason for this spending, of course, was fear of the Soviet Union. Today, however, a frantic search for total security has led to preposterous exaggerations. President Nixon has banned germ warfare, and thank God for that, but it has been estimated that the United States and the U.S.S.R. have by now accumulated the equivalent of 15 tons of high explosive for every human being on the face of the earth. Who outside of the Pentagon and the Kremlin sleeps better at night because each country has the capacity to kill every human being many times over?

American strength is spread all over the world, with about half of the men in our 3.5 million armed forces located at 429 "major military installations" and 2972 minor ones overseas, where the presence of U.S. troops creates new "U.S. interests" to be threatened and then defended by force. These U.S. institutions abroad constitute a not-so-little military empire, covering 4000 square miles in 30 countries, Hawaii and Alaska—an empire, it should be noted, with a sizeable population: in addition to the servicemen stationed on them, these bases shelter half a million dependents and provide employment for a quarter of a million foreign nationals.

At home, defense is easily the nation's' largest employer, accounting for one job in every nine. Even these figures, though, do not tell the entire story: when the armed forces are added to the 1.3 million civilians employed by the Defense Department and to the 3.8 million on the payrolls of the 100,000 firms that contributed to defense production, and when wives, children and other dependents of all these people are taken into account, almost one-fifth of the total population of the United States depends on the military establishment for its livelihood.

Last year the defense budget accounted for about ten percent of the Gross National Product. In some areas the figures are even more startling; thus in Connecticut military dollars constituted more than 20 percent of total personal income. And as students have been quick to point out, militarism has spread to some of our most prestigious universities—M.I.T., for instance, had $119 million in military contracts this year and Johns Hopkins more than $57 million.

Over the years the relationship between the Pentagon and its entrepreneurs has been a cordial one, with major defense contractors earning profits about 70 percent higher than the average for firms engaged primarily in non-defense work—all at the expense of the taxpayer, of course, hard-pressed as he already is by defense-induced inflation. In any case, with or without profit-padding, the net result of U.S. military policy is a serious distortion in national priorities and a shameful neglect of pressing social needs.

In the richest country in the world, slums proliferate and housing production per capita is the smallest of any of the industrialized nations. Delinquency and crime multiply, and the National Commission on Violence warns that our cities will become "places of terror" unless we act quickly. Our streams and rivers are polluted, and the birds die in our poisoned air. Many a library is open part-time, and many a pupil is lucky to find a seat in an overcrowded class. In America's rural and urban slums people go to bed hungry, yet this rich nation cannot enlarge

The '60s Are Dead! Long Live the '50s!

It's 1969 and it's almost 1955. The hectic, absurd, sexy 60's are coming to an end, the era of psychedelic politics, political assassinations, Dylan with an electric guitar, *Screw* magazine, free love and pseudo-revolution. It's only appropriate that the decade which began with John Kennedy bettering Richard Nixon by manufacturing a missile gap while urging this country to start moving again should end with that same Richard Nixon, a phoenix risen from the ashes of the Vietnam holocaust, winning the Presidency on a platform whose essence was that this country was moving too fast and that there was an anti-missile gap.

The 1960's are over. Here come the 1950's. The names have changed; the style has not. Even some of the names are familiar. Richard Nixon, Vince Lombardi, Elvis Presley. Joe McCarthy has departed and with him his televised kangaroo courts, but HUAC has changed its name and reinvigorated its procedures, and McClellan's committee is said to have one of the largest dossiers on student activists in history.

It's not just politics. The whole country is relaxing. What else can be said when Elvis Presley and Bob Dylan appear on television within three months of each other, each singing peculiarly compatible music. The Beatles have gone from "A Day in the Life" to "Rocky Raccoon," while Dylan goes from "You who philosophize disgrace" to "Love to spend the day with Peggy Knight." It's not at all accidental that the upcoming Beatles album, their last one in the decade that made them famous, should be called "Get Back."

Oh yes, sex is in, and passé. Robert Rimmer's "Harrad Experiment" has been replaced by "Resolution 21," a fainthearted attempt at giving the case for plural marriages, a conservative notion in a country where spouse-swapping is hardly unheard of. But the feelie scene is out; my goodness, the true hippie cul-

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the food stamp program enough to feed them. And despite the billions that have been spent on defense, nuclear destruction still hangs over our head; indeed, even "small" tactical nuclear weapons intended for normal battlefield use are more powerful than the atomic bombs that devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

These things are part of the price we pay for reliance on militarism as a national security blanket—these plus the constant temptation to the military "solution," in Vietnam, in the Dominican Republic, in Laos and soon, perhaps, in Thailand. Here, surely, the role of the Christian as peacemaker must come into play if it is to mean anything—not in airy abstractions but in the dollars and cents of the military budget. The steady build-up of this nation into an armed camp has been under way for a quarter of a century, and it will not be easily reversed. This, however, is precisely what needs to be done, and what better time to begin than Christmas?

ture died four years ago, although the message hasn't reached the kids who were told to wear lipstick at age 10, date at age 12, and who of course run away at 15.

Monogamy is coming back, both in practice and in theory. The kids are going to the farms, not in a futile attempt to recapture 19th century America, but as an escape from a world they cannot comprehend to one which they understand well, the 1950's, their childhood.

Yet technology will not be halted. Bertrand Russell once said that knowledge increases at a geometric rate. He was speaking of the natural sciences, of course; man's knowledge of man has progressed pitifully little since the days of Jesus or Moses or Hammurabi. The people want off the technological escalator, and the changing culture reflects their yearnings. But the machine won't be halted that easily. In 1954 McCarthy didn't have a computer to store all the information on radicals, nor did he have riot plans for every major city in the United States. Pollution was a problem then, it is a catastrophe now with the UN ECOSOC indicating that within a decade major forms of plant life will begin to die because of unharnessed technology. Catastrophes are as imminent as before, but the manner of dying is different. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Currently poison gas or bacteria from the moon have replaced the mushroom-shaped cloud.

People lose their bearings during periods of rapid change. They strive for the things they knew, and try to mold the unfathomable pattern of the world into their childhood patterns. Fifty percent of America is in its late teens and twenties, a generation that barely remembers the Lone Ranger. It will certainly not rediscover Lawrence Welk, but it can, and does, reminisce fondly on the memories of Elvis, or the youthful frolicking in white bucks, or wide ties.

The system hasn't changed much; it never does change that rapidly anyway. It's been ten years since five people walked into a Greensboro luncheonette and asked for a coke. And now Nixon is urging Congress to change the Voting Rights Act to make it less applicable to the South. It's been more than a decade since Edward Murrow brought the "Harvest of Shame" into our living rooms, yet just last month the Senate refused to vote a ceiling of $20,000 on farm payments. It's twelve years since Eisenhower's lightning stroke into Lebanon, yet only four years since a similar thrust into the Dominican Republic. And in Vietnam Nixon is still trying to settle the war according to the Geneva Accords. It might be added that it was only twelve years ago that Nixon was spat on and stoned in Caracas. Upon his return he reflected, much like Nelson Rockefeller today, that his experience was educational in that it thrust Latin America into the spotlight.

Of course the country has changed, if its leaders have not. When Eisenhower ordered the leathernecks onto the beaches of Lebanon only the Mid East scholars argued the point. The rest of the country dawdled over Doris Day, remained quiescent before the quiz shows, or were involved in the Yankees' struggle to best the Braves in the World Series. Yes, the scene has changed.

Still, the euphoria of 1962-3 is over; the angry, "We know it all" kids of the experimental drug culture in the middle 1960's has been replaced by a generation gap between 25-year-olds who deplore heroin and 13-14 year olds who see nothing wrong in tracks up their arms. The left is split in a hundred different ways, feeding on itself as it escalates the omnipotence of its enemy. The kids who said don't trust anyone over 30 in 1964 are now over thirty, and they can't understand the teenagers who are saying, "Don't trust anyone who has made it." SNCC is gone, as is SSOC, to be replaced by acronyms more transient albeit more radical rhetorically.

Keniston once wrote that as the world becomes more nightmarish, more bizarre, less understandable, people would dream of the future and retreat into the past. The left dreams of revolution while the country proudly embraces the concepts, culture and canons of the 1950's. The 1960's are drawing to a close. Welcome to the 1950's.

DAVID MORRIS

(David Morris is an associate fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington.)

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Christmas Quarreling In the Good Old Days

Now in those days, some nineteen-hundred-and-fifty years after Caesar Augustus sent out his decree, when Lionel Barrymore scratched out Scrooge on the radio and Cardinal Spellman was in Korea, before Advent wreaths came into and passed out of fashion and before midrash meant anything except prickly heat, every well-trained Roman Catholic boy and girl, at least the ones I knew, was certain that, on the first Christmas night, the heavenly throng who appeared to the shepherds, had sung out: "Peace on earth to men of good will!" Protestant boys and girls thought the angels had sung, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

That was due to invincible ignorance.

Actually I never knew what Protestant boys and girls thought the angels sang, and still don't; but "Peace on earth, good will to men" was certainly bandied about a lot, and Sister explained that it was a typical Protestant confusion which we had best be warned against. She didn't go so far as to call it a Protestant plot, but there was no doubt in our minds that the matter was important; and it is a source of great amazement to me that the ecumenists who pottered around with minor questions like apostolic succession and the relationship between tradition and scripture never devoted any large tomes to the dispute over what the angels sang.

The distinction, as I recall it, was crucial: it summed up everything that we knew was wrong with Protestants. *Their* God might go around passing out peace to just anybody and throwing in good will to boot. *Our* God wasn't so sloppy. On the contrary, He was a precise scorekeeper—you got what was coming to you— and if you weren't a man of good will (preferably a Roman Catholic, but we made exceptions) well then, buddy, no peace.

Peace-on-earth-good-will-to-men indeed! It was part of that general Protestant fuzziness which had caused most of the world's problems. Protestants were always trying to get things without earning them. Getting their sins forgiven without going to confession, for instance. They didn't have to go to church on Sunday, for another instance. They never even heard of fasting from midnight. No wonder their Communion didn't work.

Theological controversies are never without their political aspect. This one was no exception. Peace on earth to men of good will made sense, but peace on earth, good will to men—did that mean peace was being coolly proferred to men of *bad* will? Maybe even to Communists? You can see why we were worried.

But we had faith. If we bought enough pagan babies, and lit one candle, put Christ back into Christmas and the family that prayed together stayed together, well, sooner or later, the world would come around. And perhaps it has. I opened my Jerusalem Bible last week to see what the angels are singing this year (expecting the worse, of course, what with "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" at Mass) and the verse went: "Glory to God in the highest heaven and peace to men who enjoy his favour." A footnote explains: "Lit. 'to men (who are the object) of (God's) benevolence'." (There is a problem of relative and non-relative clauses here, but since the angels were singing and commas hadn't been invented yet, I hesitate to push the matter.) At any rate, it looks like a clear R.C. victory in the text itself, with a little ecumenical weaseling in the footnotes. As for the political implications of the controversy, the Nixon Administration is Roman Catholic all the way.

Christmas is no longer so rich in theological debate; it's impossible even to pick a fight about contributing to the Salvation Army. The American Jewish Congress has done its best to keep the old yuletide spirit alive, hailing this year's Christmas stamp ("Winter Sunday in Norway, Maine") as a great improvement over last year's stamp, Jan van Eyck's "The Annunciation," which, it turns out, threatened to establish a state religion. The American Jewish Congress is to be congratulated; it's only a shame that the (deservedly) anonymous 19th-century artist of this year's stamp will never know how much he did to preserve our constitutional liberties.

As Bob Cratchit said the other day in Washington, "Peace on earth, with honor, to men who sit down at the negotiating table and bargain in good faith." And as Tiny Tim replied, "God bless us everyone (who are the object) of (God's) benevolence!"

PETER STEINFELS

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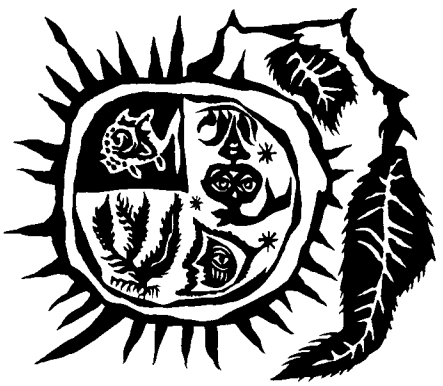
ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS

Creativity is the new asceticism

DAVID KIRK



Funny things happened to us on the way to Emmaus.
We became fellow travelers with all kinds of people, recognizing Jesus incognito, *in friendship, in the breaking of bread, the sharing of words and reality.*
People came and left and others came.
We made community, worked, had fun,
Seeds became oaks, children became men.
New ways of life broke through.
Myths were shattered and realities were dimly seen.
Pet ideologies burst open.
Options opened up: creating reasons for existence, or writing a poem or starting a school or joining a political party.
Funny things happened on the way to Emmaus, and, thank God, they are still happening.

Yes, unexpected and funny things keep happening to us at Emmaus in East Harlem. Our Emmaus is several things: house, ecumenical community, renewal center, setting for sharing and human transformation, and place of urban encounter. We are also counted among the first religious groups to be labeled by the press as "underground." The last is only partly true. We never were truly "underground," though we certainly have had marks of the underground, including being too easily drawn to passing fads in this adolescent period.

Ours has been an experiment and experiments are not awfully useful unless they are shared. Note that the disciples at Emmaus in Palestine "told what had happened to them on the road." When the fellow travelers on that road (Emmaus) ran to the eleven and informed them, "The Lord is risen; he has appeared to Simon," they may well have said, "You know, a funny thing happened to us on the road to Emmaus today." For them as well as for us, life was changing.

The funny thing that happened on the way to Emmaus, 241 East 116th Street, New York City, is that everybody and everything changed. The two social analysts, Warren Bennis and Phillip Slater, who have defined much of our Emmaus theory and practice, note that we live in a rapidly changing *temporary society* geared to the assumption that there is little in the society that is permanent. There are no new stabilities to replace the old ones; instead, those who are alive identify with the adaptive process, rather than a static establishment. In an analogous spirit, we took the name Emmaus for our center because we saw both the church and the world in an "Emmaus situation"—in a condition of permanent transformation, an event-in-process rather than an unchanging reality. Emmaus House became our setting for entering into this experience of change.

As our group evolved, we came to realize that survival depended on institutionalization of constant change. Being diverse people from diverse confessions and backgrounds, we found that as an ecumenical group the old thought processes, the entrenched structures and forms did not authentically reflect our lives. Consequently, what began as a simple house of hospitality metamorphosed into a communal experiment, a journey into the unknown, involving the risk of pilgrimage without resting stations.

After over three years with the Emmaus experiment, it may be useful to make a reflection on our human experience—that is to say, to review the theology growing out of our involvement, "on the scene." On this level, theology is a communal matter, the way a group perceives

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itself and its future and how it experiences and understands God and the world.

When we emphasize that truth is encountered through human experience we do not dismiss the heritage of church and man, the wisdom of our fathers. But we are convinced that this wisdom does not become *ours* except through personal human experience.

Everything Is Temporary

There are several Emmaus experiences of change: structure, theology, ministry, witness, style of life. We began, like so many, with the avant garde premise of an "unstructured church," of "doing your own thing" and all the rest. But, inevitably, it became clear that to do your own thing was to do *for others,* and that there were no "unstructured communities," a contradiction in terms. Rather, we concluded that structures are contextual; each situation or time demands an appropriate structure or style. As situations change at Emmaus, structures change. Everything is temporary, flexible and shaped around human needs. Like society at large, our temporary community has had to face some of the crisis and consequences of chronic change: changes in organizational structure and values, human problems of organization, living with ambiguity and self-direction.

Let me say plainly: we failed in our experiments both as an unstructured community and as a slightly centralized structure. Perhaps while centralized leadership was more efficient, it was not adaptable to changing conditions, to rapid acceptance of new ideas and lacked flexibility in dealing with new problems and new people.

Unlike many religious groups, Emmaus has developed no cult of personality or "founder." One of us did develop the original idea, but there was no proprietary innovator or "founder"; someone else has carried the idea further, or even found it outmoded. *Sic Transit Gloria!* If the founding members of Emmaus House had posited their first seminal ideas as an absolute position, they would not only be a dead influence, they would be in direct contradiction to those concepts rooted in the Emmaus style of change and adaptability. Sometimes, we yearn to be like those Catholic organizations founded in the old days, with a single leader, a single direction, an unchanging platform. But it does not work with Emmaus, a child of the '60s. People change and grow too quickly nowadays, at least at times, to be folk heroes or "party men" or to toe a particular line their whole life.

The structural style which seems to work for us is *decentralism,* a loose and flexible style in which authority is based on function, is as communal as possible, embracing many levels of decision-making and policy-making. The style of order providing integration is *co-ordination,* not bureaucracy. From this experience we have been learning communally:

—a concept of *power*, based on cooperation and reason, rather than coercion, hierarchical rules and extrinsic rewards;

—a concept of *man*, based on the way of transformation, on increased understanding of man's shifting and complex needs, multipurpose capability, etc.;

—a concept of *organization*, which is pro-existence and aids the quest for personal growth and self-actualization.

To use someone's old saw, "when we are good, we are very, very good, and when we are bad, we are awful." But when we are running according to our own style, there is lively self-criticism and regular evaluation, a flexibility and absence of rigidity of thought and action and a continual dialogue between vision and reality.

We seem to have passed through many seasonal rhythms of growth. The spring of innocence: the enthusiasms of early days, with utopian predictions, simplistic ideas of persons and protest. The summer and fall of maturation and disillusionment, when hope was strained and the ideal did not automatically become the reality. Many saw the wide gap between our vision and reality, but did not understand that the struggle for life, a lifetime task was to patiently close the gap. Finally, winter and its despair, (actually, it was last spring), the point where so many dropped out, sometimes in bitterness, sometimes in thankfulness for a unique catholic experience. At least one person left because an essential element for community was lacking: the human quality of forgiveness and reconciliation. But, now, it is spring again, when despair is replaced by a renewal of faith and hope. This is the drama of human existence on the road.

As we journeyed, our nervous activism with its hints of anti-study and anti-prayer tones gave way to a more balanced existence of being and doing. *Being* (meditation, celebration, play) now has an equal place with *doing* (service and action). In megalopolis New York City, with its fragmenting effect on us, we have been propelled by the need for an integral experience: spiritual, emotional, intellectual, activist. There was a time when our rush to "real life experience" crippled our experience, too. We would include all these elements: the human encounter group, action, study, analysis, as well as the need for a transcendent experience of the life of God. After all, what church is worth a tinker's dam which does not become a setting for spiritual experience, for enlightenment, for developing a total consciousness which ends in the ultimate self, the unknowable God?

While some of us would not use theological terms like "ministry," it is useful to describe a situation. We are trying to develop a single ministry of Emmaus, a composite of different people serving in different functions (ministries): myself, as coordinator and "enabler" for tasks and people; Richard Mann, as celebrator and editor: Kathy Mahon, as educator; Bob Lowe, as community organizer; and so on. Together, we share a common ministry of availability—listening, being present,

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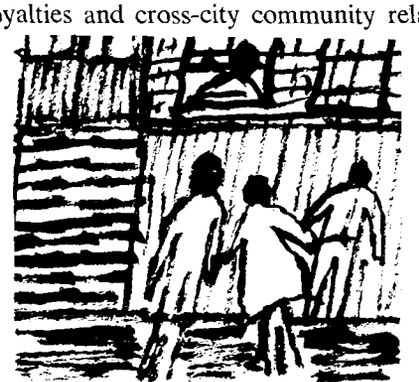
being available—and exploration. When we decided to become a decentralized community, we divided up tasks and functions among ourselves, and the process continually goes on. The roles are to some extent interchangeable, allowing for multipurpose capability. The functions are based upon knowledge, skills and attitudes, not whether one is ordained or not. It has taken a long time to grow beyond stereotypes and status symbols of clergy/laity. While we may have overcome this barrier internally, tensions are sometimes created by visitors who somehow regard speaking with lay members as a second-class offering.

There has always been—and still is—extremely strong pressure for us to fit into various categories of the past. We rarely do, and frequently with the loss of supporters. For example, the myth imposed by white outsiders on those who live in East Harlem. The myth told us to become a geographical community of East Harlemites alone; but we felt that the reality of our mobile society liberated us from this territorial principle, permitting multiple loyalties and cross-city community relationships.



Therefore, while the core community consists of East Harlemites, the group at large comes from different parts of the city.

Another myth: a form of paternal colonialism told us that if you lived in East Harlem, everyone must be a kind of social worker among the poor. But we chose to be neighbors and not play God by benevolent exploitation. We and our neighbors have seen enough of those who paternalistically "see Christ in their brother." We do serve our neighbors—the Emmaus Children's School, counseling, conferences, etc.—but we do what we are *asked* to do, not what our white middle-class mythology tells us is "good for East Harlem."

Another thing, one day we went around and took down all our posters of Che and Ho Chi Minh. After a period of pseudo-revolutionary fervor, we came to the conclusion that we should be careful about putting up ikons of men who *die* for others while we sit on our fattening tails. At the same time, while asking many questions about the practicality of confrontation, we moved a little beyond left and right: trying to develop as a first step a consciousness of myth and reality; creating models of future society and church; study and analysis. Some of us began to realize that the real and unheralded "American revolutionaries" may be the men and women working for change in the white middle-class Levittowns, where power and unchanging attitudes exist.

In our early days at Emmaus, Cardinal Spellman was our "bad guy" and we were the "good guys." Since then, we have de-demonized the Archdiocese of New York (I do not say vice-versa), and while we don't exactly expect messianic signs from those quarters, we are pleased with the good which does come from there. We have always known that there were Berrigans in the church, but only now are we open to Pope Johns emerging in unexpected places.

A certain style of life seems to be evolving from the Emmaus setting of constant change. While we have no guidelines, there are perhaps a few clues from our experience. We have survived—not only survived, but lived—partly due to a sense of *playfulness,* of satire, even of the absurd. There are several tactics, like pruning the superego. Whenever any of us decides that he is important and wants to play God, he is usually satirized by others until he returns to reality. (A writer once had dinner with us and wrote up a dinner conversation which sounded like an exchange from a Marx Brothers-S.J. Perelman script. Unfortunately, the writer wrote it *straight* and the meaning of the conversation was lost and even distorted.) Play is essential to us: to keep within the context of reality; for the relief of intensive community; for viewing work as "play with problems." We also feel that reality itself is simply not always intelligibility, and that ultimate meaning often transcends reason. Truth frequently comes to Emmaus House in the guise of Harpo Marx.

The "new asceticism" for Emmaus is *creativity*. At an earlier point in our lives, many of us were drawn to the asceticism of the early church. But we came to the conclusion that when this asceticism was new, it was a heroic challenge to the old man; today, it is largely a dead formula. The old virtues of "humility," "obedience," "renunciation," etc., seem to have turned into something evil. The renunciation we would make at Emmaus House is less that of the "world" and its goods than a renunciation of a peaceful order in personal living; a limitation of privacy for the sake of others; a vulnerability which does not defend memory, property, ego. The old renunciation may lead to security and order; but the new does not simply seek to overcome or renounce the world; but to transform, create a new world. The old renunciations are anti-creative; the new is pro-existence. We would like to play with something new: to be creators. If, as Nicholas Berdyaev says, the Holy Spirit is the revelation of creativity, we do not want to blaspheme the Spirit with our deadness and immovability.

Creativity implies a third element of style: *youthfulness* —not chronologically, but spiritually. It is the young who have nothing to lose by change, nothing invested, and who can explore radically creative opportunities. Some-

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times older people have a vested interest in the old ways. The church, as we see it, is usually the church of the spiritually old; its style is security and fear, a denial of the carefree life of the Gospel; its morals, of old age.

Of course, any new style of life must have the essence of the old: faith, hope, love. Love in a profound sense, which has a responsibility for others and knows the art of dying. And *hope* which waits for what *faith* believes. Only with faith could we at Emmaus House have transcended the flux of transitory events and times of suffering to find ultimate meaning and significance. Only with hope could we have had "memory of the future," which continued to expect transfigured men and a transfigured world.

We can write about our experience of change without feeling that we are on the side of the angels. When we first started we wrote a saying of Bonhoeffer on the wall, "We will not know what we will not do." But in the doing, we knew that we would make mistakes, as we have. For us, to experiment meant to be open for continual revision of judgment and tactics, to move easily beyond earlier positions, to confront new problems and situations, and to recognize failures.

There are few experiments around us because people do not truly understand that to experiment means to have an in-built possibility of failure. For us, our failures are important, perhaps the most important aspect of Emmaus House, for lessons are learned and knowledge is gained which can be passed on to others.

As a parallel structure or counter-community to the old structures of the church, we are free of any "success" syndrome, unfettered by pressure to conform to traditional patterns and to meet current expectations of institutional success. We need to offer no excuses. The experience is an end in itself. As Ivan Illich says, "we can celebrate our faith for no purpose at all."

REVOLUTION, REFORMATION, REFORM

The three R's in Czechoslovakia

ERAZIM V. KOHAK

Any similarity between Ignatius of Loyola and Dr. Gustav Husák is surely entirely fortuitous. Stalin may have been a former seminarian, but the Moscow-approved First Secretary of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia is not. He is a politician and a party functionary who can hardly be presumed to have studied the life and works of the founder of the Society of Jesus.

Yet there is a structural analogy between the roles of the two men in their respective institutions which is instructive. Gustav Husák and his Reformation-minded predecessor, Alexander Dubcek, are acting out today the dialectic of reform and Reformation which Ignatius Loyola and Martin Luther acted out before them, and the point at issue is no less controversial today than in Loyola's time.

To be sure, in matters ecclesiastical we have become comfortably confident that reform is the reasonable and proper response to the need for change. Conversely, we feel comfortably confident that Reformation is unreasonable and improper. Luther may have meant well, but we are quite sure that in refusing obedience to Rome and undercutting the prerogatives of the hierarchy he went too far. Possibly he even prevented genuinely needed reform.

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We are really quite sure of it. The only trouble is that in matters political our instinctive reaction is just as confident, but just the opposite. Here we damn reform and praise reformation. Czechoslovakia's Gustav Husák—and Gomulka in Poland, Kadar in Hungary, and all the popular "neo-Stalinist" bad guys of East Europe—are advocates of reform and opponents of Reformation. Whatever we may read in daily press, Husák is quite unambiguous in his condemnation of the old regime of Antonín Novotný, of the corruption of the Party and of its ideology, of everything that weakened the Party prior to January, 1968. He insists on reform—his only reservation is his equally unambiguous opposition to anything that would weaken the Party's ties to Moscow or the dominant position of the apparatus within the Party and of the Party in society. Reform, not Reformation—yet in this instance we feel equally intuitively certain that the Moscow-approved reform is not enough. We are quite convinced. We are also quite confused.

Perhaps the first point to note is that reform and Reformation are qualitatively, not quantitatively different. Reformation is not a reform "gone too far," reform is not a reformation "cut short." They are two very different strategies for change. Loyola was in many ways a more radical reformer than Luther, and Husák is transforming the personnel and structures of the Party which Dubcek left largely untouched. On the

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other hand, both Dubcek and Luther radically transformed the place of the apparatus within the Party (or hierarchy within the Church) as well as the place of the Party (Church) in society, which Loyola and Husák carefully preserved.

The qualitative difference between reform and reformation stands out clearly when we note what both have in common. Both of them are strategies for change which become relevant only when change becomes problematic. Under ordinary circumstances, routine adaptive change is as normal as life—perhaps it is precisely what constitutes life. The maturing and aging of individual men, adaptive changes of institutions such as replacement of personnel, updating of administrative procedures or rephrasing of liturgies, of themselves constitute neither "reform" nor "Reformation." They are simply life-process, the difference between life and suspended animation.

Questions of reform, reformation and revolution arise only when the ordinary process of adaptive change has been blocked. They are alternative strategies for change of men and institutions who have used power to prevent ordinary adaptive change—and whose power has become problematic under the pressure of accumulated need for change. And, since it is power to control change which makes change problematic, both reform and Reformation are ways of dealing with the relation of power and change.

The Differences

In historical terms, the difference between reform and Reformation is the difference of retaining and abdicating the power of controlling change. Reform is basically an attempt to transform an institution to enable it to continue exercising power under different conditions. Reformation, on the other hand, deals with the problems of controlling change by resigning the power to do so: reform seeks to bring about change, Reformation lets it happen.

As all aphorisms, this formulation is highly crude and inaccurate, but it does have its uses. In church history, it is illustrated most clearly by the difference between Loyola's reform and Luther's Reformation. Both Loyola and Luther recognized the urgent need for change. Loyola, with the precision of a powerful intellect and the dedication of a loyal churchman, saw only too clearly that the hierarchy of his time was too corrupt, indolent and doctrinally diffuse to command the obedience of the faithful. He saw no less clearly that the Church over which it presided was too flabby to command a decisive position in society. With the Society of Jesus, he set out not to preserve, but to *reform* the Church—to transform it into a taut, dedicated, doctrinally and morally pure vanguard capable of exercising power both internally and in society. His strategy was one of internal reform which would justify the Church's claim to power and enable it to wield it effectively.

Luther's reformation was rather less thorough internal reform of the church. His strategy was based on a rejection of power which Paul Tillich, in a rather undeserved compliment to the Protestants, formulated as the "Protestant principle." Basically, Luther did not see the internal corruption of the church primarily as a threat to the power of the hierarchy and of the church. Rather, he saw the power-claim of both the hierarchy and the church as the source of the corruption and was willing to surrender it.

The matter is not one of personalities. Personally, Luther was far from immune to the lure of power, as his vicious attack against peasant rebels amply attests. Ignatius of Loyola might well have a stronger personal claim to sainthood in this respect. But the two basic principles of Luther's reformation, justification by grace through faith and sole authority of scripture, effectively undercut any special power-claim on part of the hierarchy and of the church. The authority of the scripture reduces the hierarchy to an entirely functional role of "servants of the servants of God." Their role becomes consultative, the role of teachers rather than masters. Authority ultimately rests in the Bible in the hands of the believer. Similarly the doctrine of justification by grace through faith effectively undercuts the power-claim of the church in society. The church is no longer the sole dispenser of salvation: it becomes a witness to the salvation God has wrought, called to testify, teach, and counsel, not to rule.

The difference between reform and Reformation is finally a difference in the conception of the responsibility of the chosen. Reform rests on the assumption that the responsibility of the chosen is to rule—and to be fit to do so. Reformation assumes that the responsibility of the chosen is to serve.

For this reason a revolution is the blood brother of reform rather than Reformation. Revolution, too, is a claim to rule. By its very structure, it cannot question the central role of power in the effectiveness of an ideology. Its claim is only that the power "rightfully" belongs in different hands. A revolution is a reform from without, just as reform is a revolution from within. Not by accident, successful reform and successful revolution alike bring about abrupt social change, bringing an institution abreast of demands of a particular time, but at the same time both establish a new block to the adaptive process, to routine change. In both cases, the goal is (retention or seizure of) *power,* and it is precisely power which blocks change.

The dialectic which is being acted out in East Europe today, in Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, and which will necessarily have to be acted out in the Soviet Union itself, is similarly a dialectic of reform and Re-

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formation rather than progress and reaction. Here there is no question of revolution: a revolution presupposes an external claimant to power sufficiently strong to contest the reigning institution's claim. The Soviet system has been too effective to permit such a claimant to arise. The forces capable of challenging the status quo in the Soviet Union and East Europe are necessarily internal, within the Party, and so the alternatives are not status quo or revolution, but rather either reform or Reformation as ways of dealing with the problems of change and power.

The most recent statement of these alternatives are two documents produced by the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia within the last two years. The first is the political testament of the hesitant hero of Communist Reformation, Alexander Dubcek—*Action Programme of the CzCP,* adopted by the Party in the heady days of Czechoslovak spring and endorsed vigorously by a corresponding call to reform, the *Declaration of 2000 Words*. The second document presents the credo of the man who staked his career on fighting against the Reformation and for far-reaching reform, Gustav Husák's *Report on the Present Situation and Future Tasks of the Party,* presented at the plenary meeting of the Central Committee of CzCP last September.

The contrast between the documents is the more striking since they share a common Marxist dedication and terminology, just as Luther and Loyola share a common Christian faith. Both Dubcek's *Programme* and Husák's *Report* give a Marxist analysis of the present situation, define Marxist goals and prescribe Marxist means for achieving them. As between Luther and Loyola, the difference is Sombartian—a difference in their respective estimate of power.

Basic thesis of the *Action Programme* is that Czechoslovak society has passed through the first stage of socialist development, the revolutionary struggle of victorious working class against remnants of bourgeoisie and enemy within the Party, and is now entering a second stage, the stage of building a broadly based, "democratic" socialist society. In this stage, the society is already securely socialist in its outlines. The task at hand is no longer to seize and hold a monopoly of power, but rather to engage the broadest possible portion of society in the life and guiding of a socialist commonwealth. Class war, in which considerations of human happiness and socialist polity alike had to be sacrificed to the struggle for power, is over—the new age is an age of consolidation.

None of the assertions in the *Programme* questions or alters the contents of the faith, the Marxist vision of socialist society. What they do affect radically is the dominant, monopolistic power of the hierarchy within the Party and of the Party within society. Necessarily: as long as the task was struggle for power, Party institutions had to be dictatorial, monopolistic, and centralistic. War demands discipline, uncompromising destruction of the enemy, eternal vigilance, restrictions on personal freedom—everything that has been deplored by Communists in opposition and practiced by Communists in power. But these are the tools of struggle, not of construction. They are counterproductive if the task is one of building a socialist society. For that, participation rather than monopoly, freedom rather than discipline, discussion rather than destruction are necessary.

The *Action Programme* finally recognizes that power, even necessary power, inevitably corrupts, and that absolute power corrupts absolutely—or perhaps that revolutionary power corrupts revolutionarily. Its answer is to abolish absolute power. It proposes no change in the content of the ideology, not even a reform of the Party of the kind that Husák or Loyola carried out. What is does propose is to abolish the power monopoly of the hierarchy within the Party and of the Party within society. The *Action Programme* introduced broad democracy within the Party. It transformed the role of the Party hierarchy from a ruling to a functional one. In society at large, it called for separation of Party and state, permitted participation in the social process to groups not under Party control, and offered them freedom of speech, association, legal safety, movement regardless of Party affiliation. Basically, it did not set out to reform the Party, but to transform its role in society from that of an instrument of power to one of an instrument of service.

The Soviet Union responded to the Czech reformation in the same way as Rome responded to Czech religious Reformation several centuries earlier, and for much the same reasons. Moscow was interested in reform, not Reformation, Czechs and Slovaks, faced with the realities of occupation, renewed censorship and new persecutions, could be excused for interpreting its interference much as they had interpreted the imperial occupation and the activities of the Society of Jesus earlier—as an unmitigated step backwards, as a forcible restoration of outlived conditions. Yet in both cases, this interpretation, though understandable, is grossly inaccurate. In 1628, for all their ruthlessness, members of the Society of Jesus represented reform, not reversion, and the Catholicism which they brought with them was a very different Catholicism from the corrupt, flabby institutions

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and doctrines over which the Reformation triumphed two centuries earlier. Similarly, Gustav Husák and the Soviet Army by no means represent a restoration of the flabby, corrupt regime of the Novotný era—theirs is a far more effective, tight, reformed creed.

For, as he himself insists, Husák is a dedicated reformer—just as Gomulka in Poland or Kadar in Hungary. He was himself a victim of the old regime, suffered appalling persecution for years and was vehemently critical of Novotný's absolutism tempered by sloppiness. In spite of the renewed censorship, restrictions and persecutions, Husák is not lying when he insists that he is dedicated to reform.

The clue to the apparent contradiction is Husák's criticism of Dubcek's Reformation in his *Report* to the Central Committee. Husák charges Dubcek with wasting the opportunity to reform the Party—and so with weakening the hold of the Party on power. In his preamble, he denies the basic premise of the *Action Programme*. In Husák's view, the class struggle and the struggle against the internal enemy continues with unabated intensity, and will continue for all foreseeable future. The first duty of the Party continues to be assuring effective control of power—of power of the Central Committee within the hierarchy, of the hierarchy within the Party, and of the Party in the society at large. Husák is dedicated to reform because, like Loyola, he is acutely aware that only a taut, disciplined and ideologically pure party can retain power. He is unalterably opposed to Reformation, no matter how well intended or how orthodox, which weakens that power.

Dr. Husák is not obsessed with power. But he is a dedicated, believing Communist, and he is convinced that the responsibility of the chosen people is to command, not counsel. Like Dubcek, Husák is convinced that Marxist-Leninism is the only saving faith, and that the Party is the instrument of salvation. But unlike Dubcek, he has no confidence in the ability or willingness of the people to recognize and chose the one true faith freely. He is convinced that men must be protected from error by having no opportunity to err.

The Husák regime, like the Soviet-sponsored regimes in post-Reformation Poland and Hungary, is not a retreat to the past. It is not restoration, but reform. At whatever cost, Husák is dedicated to reforming the Party so that it could both claim the right to rule and to rule effectively.

The obstacles facing Gustav Husák's program are large. An overwhelming majority of Czechs and Slovaks remain committed to Reformation, and regard Husák's program of ideological and institutional purification as an imposition by an unwelcome foreign intruder. Yet the Society of Jesus, coming to power in overwhelmingly Protestant Bohemia in the wake of Austrian occupation, faced no less formidable obstacles, yet succeeded. The cost was high: Bohemia lost almost two-thirds of its population through death and exile, it lost its entire nobility and intelligentsia, and came close to losing its language and national identity. Yet four generations after the fateful Battle of White Mountain the idea of Reformation was effectively squashed and reform victorious. Bohemia had become a quiescent, nominally Catholic country, tightly controlled by a Church pure in doctrine and effective in organization.

The Jesuits succeeded, and so can Dr. Husák. He is a tenacious and dedicated Communist. He has stated repeatedly that Marxist-Leninism is the only hope for his people, and that unquestioning allegiance to Moscow and unquestioned monopoly of power in the Party and in the state are necessary conditions of Communism. He has proved his willingness to pay the price—in the weeks since the September *Report,* he has purged the Party and public life without any regard to the staggering loss in skilled manpower. He has even disbanded entire regional organizations of the Party. Like the Jesuits before him, he is willing to destroy the society and the Party tinged with reformation, and build up a new, reformed one to take its place. He has time, and he has the support of Rome—or, in his case, Moscow.

Accusations raised against Dr. Husák, that he is dragging the Party and the country back to an outlived past, are simply false. His reform of both is far more ruthless, far more drastic than anything Dubcek's reformation attempted. Nor are the charges that the reform he has undertaken is impossible: like the Jesuits before him, Husák can succeed, if he is willing to pay the price, and forge a party capable of maintaining absolute monopoly of ideology and power for the foreseeable future. The relevant question to ask of Loyola, of Husák, and of the men in Moscow is far more basic. Granted that successful reform is possible, can it ever be a success?

The Chances

Loyola's reform succeeded in Spain. More than anywhere else in the world, the Church in Spain purged itself of all weakness, of all corruption that could possibly threaten its hold on power. Yet, four hundred years later, it would be hard to argue that the success proved a success, either for Spain or for the Church. Catholicism is not a vital, living force in Spain. It is far more so in Holland, where reform failed and Reformation succeeded. The same is true of Bohemia, of Latin America—everywhere where successful reform forestalled a reformation of the Church's position in society and of the hierarchy's role in the Church. For that matter, Stalin's reform—and it was a reform, thoroughly transforming the Party and its ideology—also succeeded, yet not even present Soviet leadership regard its success as a blessing.

This is the basic question in Czechoslovakia, and, for

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that matter, in the Soviet Union. The Church in Russia never underwent a reform or a Reformation. It underwent only a revolution which delivered its power, structurally unchanged, into the hands of the Communist Party. The revolutionary power-prerogatives of the hierarchy within the Party and of the Party in Soviet society effectively block routine adaptive change, and pose the question of change with increasing seriousness. In the face of pressure for change, the Soviet leadership almost instinctively leans in the direction of a reform which would reaffirm its hold on power rather than to a Reformation which would release that hold and permit adaptive change.

Given the conviction that Communism is indeed the saving faith and the Party is indeed the chosen people, this preference is understandable. Yet the experience of other saving faiths and other chosen people suggests that reform following the models established by Loyola and Husák, is ultimately counterproductive. To be sure, it does assure the hold of the institution on power. *But it also perpetuates and strengthens the hold of power on the institution*—and that is the ultimate stranglehold.

The men in Moscow—wherever that may be—who want to use reform to forestall rather than further Reformation, can undoubtedly succeed. The question they must face, however, is more basic—will the price of retaining power be precisely the faith in whose name they seek to defend it? The experience of centuries rather strongly suggests that the answer will be in the affirmative. The dictum that "whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it" does not apply to men alone. It applies even more emphatically to institutions, and the walking corpse of an institution, surviving by momentum in suspended animation long after it has outlived its social usefulness, can exact a frightful price from the men who live under it.

Martin Luther had a great many faults, possibly many more than Ignatius of Loyola. But after four centuries it appears increasingly likely that he served the Church Universal, including the Roman Catholic Church, better than the successful Spanish reformer. It seems rather likely that, when the dust has settled, the Communists may conclude that the impossible dreamer, hesitant hero of the Communist Reformation, Sasha Dubcek, may have proposed a far more effective path for Communism than the realistic, effective reformer Gustav Husák.

NOTICE

In keeping with what has become common magazine practice, Commonweal *publishes no year-end issue. The next issue will be that dated Jan. 9. To all our readers, our very best wishes for the Christmas season.*

THE EDITORS

WINE, WOMEN AND WALKER

THE STAGE

The Broadway musical has fallen on not bad, but dreadful times. Although six out of the ten longest running productions are of the song and dance variety, only two musicals—*Promises, Promises* (#8) and *1776* —survived last season, both merely the best of a bad lot. Years behind these middling divertissements remain the oldies but not terribly goodies of *Hello, Dolly!, Fiddler, La Mancha* and *Mame*. (*Hair* we except as a Broadway co-optation.) Between *Mame* and *1776,* for instance, three seasons intervened. *Dolly* and *Promises* are separated by five. Statistically and generically, then, we've got trouble, right here in our own national art form.

Money, talent and taste have everything to do with the decline. Musicals cost enormously and producers do not relish the gamble, especially during inflationary cycles. The stars have also disappeared. Jerry Orbach won a Tony for *Promises*. But who is Jerry Orbach? At the present moment there is simply no transcendent performance in any Broadway musical. Enter Kate Hepburn. Perhaps the most disastrous omen can be read in the entrails of shifting tastes. The quasi-Berkeleian extravaganza is not a trip for the '70s. Just as vaudeville faded away when the masses tired of the medium, the traditional sure-fire musical shows are edging toward extinction in the age of rock. The songs of *Dolly* and friends are over, even though their melodies linger on.

Occasionally, a production comes to pass whose lyrics, score and acting challenge this theory of decline and herald instead Broadway's total collapse. *Jimmy,* advertised by the management as *"The People's Choice,"* for want of supporting critical statements, is one such nonnegotiable failure. Hoked up from the private and public life of New York's corruptible 20's Mayor James Walker; *Jimmy* is actually a remake of the Bob Hope B movie—*Beau James.*

The stage version flashed back from Walker's strategic farewell to New York ("Did you ever screw a whole city?") in 1932 to mid-career when the then state senator was offered the Democratic mayoralty nomination by Governor Alfred Smith. Thence *Jimmy* proceeds, with wretched excess, to expose the mayor's inconvenient marriage and subsequent open-alliance with singer Betty Compton against the backdrop of his notorious political rise and fall.

The legendary stuff of Walker's life is perhaps too easy to exploit. The mayor was a mythic American character in his own time, a sort of Breslin who won. The song-writing womanizer vacationed 143 days in the first two years at City Hall, successfully dodged crime

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commission investigations into his leaky slush funds, treated FDR with contempt, trounced LaGuardia in the 1929 elections and made the city love it—until he resigned late in his second term when the kitchen overheaded. Surely the man deserves better than *Jimmy*, "the Razzamatazz Musical."

What the play does is call on the lowest common comedy, choreography and tune. The hide-the-broad-in-the-closet routine is twice repeated. We are invited to convulse again as Jimmy runs out of the shower naked and is surprised by his mistress' mother. Or how about the reconciliation bed scene where Walker can't get his ardor up swift enough for the demanding Mrs.? If that isn't funny, then God couldn't have made them little green apples. When the laughing stops they bring on the dancing girls who, to say a word in their defense, only followed orders. Why else would anyone run around bottomless amid flags and frantic waving celebrating the egregiousness of *Jimmy*? Seventy-six trombones were heard faintly in the background. *Jimmy*'s cast is deeply implicated in the crime. Frank Gorshin, a minor talent on leave from the Kraft Music Hall, plays the title role with everything he has. Anita Gillette as Betty Compton sings her way out of your heart, so too Julie Wilson as Mrs. Walker.

Although the entire show appears in bad taste, the audience voted for *Jimmy* with applause and guffaws. The silent majority has its own inscrutable standards. Here's Lucy, Beverly Hillbillies and the Doris Day Show are among television's top ten. But there is good kitsch and bad kitsch and I have great faith that the American people will be on to *Jimmy*.

PHILIP NOBILE

BOOKS

The poet who is too big for the Nobel Prize

A New Decade (Poems 1958-1967)

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Grove Press, $8.50

RONALD CHRIST

The Nobel Prize in literature is perhaps best known for the writers who never won it. (Great writers overshadow the award and bad ones exist only in its aura: no one associates Yeats or Eliot with the Nobel Prize, but the only way anybody can remember Miguel Angel Asturias is to recall that he won it in 1967.) It was, therefore, to the company of non-winners, the most distinguished writers truly associated in our minds with the prize, that Sartre aspired when he recently rejected the honor, saying it should have gone to Pablo Neruda. Each time Neruda doesn't win, it becomes more obvious that he is too big for the prize and that the only way for the Swedish Academy to achieve literary dignity is for it to accept the largesse Neruda's name could bestow on its award.

Meantime—outside our country—Neruda continues to be the world's best known and most important poet in the way that Picasso, here and abroad, is the most famed and valued painter. Both men produce, go on producing, an incredibly huge and varied body of work, hopping from masterpieces to junk, from the blatantly *engagé* to the unaffectedly lyric or astoundingly monumental, with the upending enthusiasm and energy of a kid playing in the snow. Picasso, it's said, even models bread at dinner into delightfully expressive forms and Neruda writes, writes, writes, in his home, at parties, on the beach, explaining "I sing because I sing and because I sing." And all that each man creates breathes the atmosphere of the world rather than the stuffy air of the studio or study which modern art has accustomed us to. Only Godard, with his spirited inventiveness and dazzling variety (as well as his committed and uncommitted moments of esthetic joy and plain trash) stands as a partner with these two men who remind us that the artist can be a Gargantuan creator instead of a finicky lapidary.

In our country, however, Neruda is still largely unknown for two reasons that are the main weaknesses of this present volume: one, a problem in the poet's art; the other, a difficulty in the translator's practice. Neruda is an openly Communist, often eloquent, sometimes flatulent, revolutionary writter whose politics disturb some Americans, offend others. For this reason he has never been properly taught in the schools where foreign poets may gain a base for their reputation here.

Ben Belitt, a teacher at Bennington and editor as well as chief translator of *A New Decade*, deals with the problem by pretending it doesn't exist. As Rafael Rodríguez of Queens College pointed out to me, not one poem from Neruda's *Canción de Gesta* occurs in this selection of poems from 1957-1968, although the *Canción* was first published in 1960 and had already run through three editions by 1964. Conceived at first as a song about Puerto Rico's "martyred condition as a colony" and finally dedicated to the "liberators of Cuba," the *Canción* is an explicitly political book and in suppressing it both from his anthology and from his bibliography Belitt has suppressed a hardy strain in Neruda's poetry which helps make him popular the world over and deserving of the Nobel Prize in the eyes of many.

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Outside our country. Chiefly, however, because of the wider recognition here of over-priced, over-translated volumes like this one and the lesser currency of fine books like *Pablo Neruda: Twenty Poems* translated by James Wright and Robert Bly (The Sixties Press, 1967). Chiefly because the principal purveyor of Neruda to America has been Ben Belitt whose oleaginous translations choke Neruda's poems while his oblique, quotation-ridden introductions strangle our curiosity. A translator who sets down "Does the rub of mysterious verity lie there?" suffers a different sensibility from the poet who writes in one of his miniature esthetic manifestoes, this one an ode on ironing, that "Poetry is white:/it comes from water wrapped in drops,/wrinkled, thrown in a heap." A translator who renders "will ripen" with Shakespeare's "ripeness is all" is simply insensitive. The question is not, as is usual, one of boners or of a reviewer's showing off—just a matter of differing verbal temperaments; and Neruda's poems, thus Belitted, die.

But all is not lost. *A New Decade* is, first of all, a bilingual book, so every reader can compare and make out or make up the Neruda original; and, second, it is in small part translated by Alastair Reid, whose two sections justify the publication and purchase of the book. In Reid's simple English the poems "of a man both rainy and happy/boisterous, autumn rich" come across with a force resembling the intention of the poet who writes that he cannot speak without touching the ground, who can say, along with Whitman, "there is no moon which does not know me,/no roads which do not expect me." If, in this sixth decade, he is not in "Full Powers"—the title of one of Reid's sections—he is still a poet of immense interest, observing one moment "How neatly a cat sleeps," and the next "How manifold is the world," recognizing all the time that he is writing an "Autumn Testament," a waning song of himself for the time he will sing in silence.

The best things in this selection, then, are the implicit lyric autobiography and esthetic credo of an aging poet. It is not a volume to win a Nobel Prize, nor is it half so good as *The Heights of Macchu Picchu* which appeared last year in a translation by Nathaniel Tarn; but it may, after all, introduce Americans to one of the biggest and most powerful of poetic voices, a voice so vast, even in its later days, that it encompasses its own failures as part of a personal authenticity and derives highest praise, perhaps, from accolades withheld.

Present At The Creation

DEAN ACHESON

Norton, $15.00

WILSON CAREY MC WILLIAMS

Acheson's memoirs are not likely to convert any of the younger critics of American foreign policy. That he supports the thesis that postwar international politics has been an international civil war growing out of a similar European conflict—an idea which finds favor on the left—will only emphasize, to critics, that he is on the wrong side as they see it. Too, there are notes in his memoirs which will confirm their worst suspicions. Acheson admires Salazar and takes the United Nations to task for belaboring "weak white nations (like) Rhodesia," and there are moments when his belief in the virtues of Anglo-Saxonry becomes all too clear.

Present at the Creation may, however, instruct many a reluctant pupil; he will be improved even if he remains unregenerate. Acheson writes in the style of the old gentility, a prose of lucidity and irony, capable of conjuring up forgotten moments and men. And the era he describes, unknown to many and dimly remembered by others, is the foundation of our own.

Acheson points out the incredible short-sightedness of wartime planners, unable to see the changes taking place before their eyes—zealous, for example, in fighting lest Britain accumulate too large a reserve of currency. He is unsparing with the bureaucratic rigidity and internecine conflicts of the Department of State, and honest in admitting the role played by accident in the making of policy. (Sometimes, he suggests, policy is made "by the necessity of finding something to say for an important figure committed to speak without a prearranged subject.")

There was, however, a logic to postwar policy. Basically, as Acheson points out, it began as a bet between the United States and the Soviet Union about Western Europe's powers of recovery, the Americans betting in favor, the Russians hoping that continued economic crisis would peacefully drop the continent into the Soviet orbit. Understanding that much, Acheson could regard military strength as a very necessary sideshow and nothing more; he seems, for example, to have genuinely desired an agreement to control atomic weapons, opposing the fixation on "automatic sanctions" in the Baruch Plan as a needless and fatal affront to the Soviets—which it was.

It was an outlook which Acheson carried to the examination of problems outside Europe. He refers, for example, to the "death wish" of the Kuomintang in rejecting Marshall's efforts at compromise with the Communists because at no time did the United States seriously weigh military intervention in China *and* because Acheson is implicitly convinced that a coalition regime stood a chance of staving off the revolution. It is for similar reasons that he castigates the British for intransigence in Iran, and for failure to come to terms rapidly and equitably with the revolutionaries in Egypt. And it is here that his conservative critics found him at fault; doubtful enough about Europe, they were convinced that the only answer in Asia was force. Perhaps they were right, but Acheson makes their case shaky enough—and with it, perhaps, the case of contemporary "revolutionaries" who draw the same conclusion; shaky enough, at least, to make debate mandatory on something broader than the terms which have become the wont in the last few years.

Of course, Acheson has the assistance of an unbelievable cast of characters. There is the fantastic but essential Arthur Vandenberg, looking desperately

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for a means of preserving his conservative credentials and seizing on some petty item to strike out with the "Vandenberg Amendment" before supporting Administration bills. There is, of course, Joe McCarthy, and with him the sad figure of Robert A. Taft, yearning for the Presidency so badly as to irrevocably stain his own memory by lending his prestige to McCarthyism. There is Douglas MacArthur, an aging, incredible ham, sometimes summoning up brilliance, always impossibly arrogant, prating ignorantly of the love for aggressive leadership supposed to reside in the Oriental mind, blindly ignoring warnings and orders of Chinese intervention in Korea and then panicking when he sustained a catastrophic defeat. Too gentle to say so, Acheson is acid enough to imply that the General's subsequent bellicosity may have been an effort to cover up his moment of despairing querulousness. And with all these, the heroes like Truman or Ridgway. It is a setting for a dramatist, and Acheson is no mean practitioner of the art.

Most important, perhaps, are the reminders which explain why Acheson was and will always be a symbol to the liberals of the '50s. There are enough indications of his engaging humor and his distaste for cant and sham, such as the occasion on which he marred Edward Stettinius's Madison Avenue installation as Secretary of State by reciting "These Little Pigs went to Market." Above all, there is that moment in which Acheson's integrity and moral strength were clearest and which make him a worthy model for young Americans who may detest his ideas . . . "whatever the outcome of any appeal which Mr. Hiss or his lawyers may take . . . I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss. . . . For me, there is very little doubt about (the appropriate) standards or principles. . . . They were stated on the Mount of Olives and if you are interested in seeing them, you will find them in the 25th Chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew beginning with verse 34. Have you any other questions?" This, after all, is a man; the encounter alone makes his memoirs worth reading.

Fat City
LEONARD GARDNER
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50

Night Watch
STEPHEN KOCH
Harper & Row, $5.95

The Sporting Club
THOMAS McGUANE
Simon & Schuster, $4.95

Flesh And Blood
ANNA WINTER
Olympia Press, $3.95

Follow The Running Grass
GEORGIA McKINLEY
Houghton Mifflin, $4.95

The Book Of Numbers
ROBERT DEANE PHARR
Doubleday, $5.95

LINDA KUEHL

This has been a year of distinguished fictional debuts, though no one, I believe, has done anything as exciting as Robert Stone's 1968 Houghton Mifflin award novel, *A Hall of Mirrors*, which depicts three rootless people in New Orleans consumed by the lunatic right. It has its flaws, particularly a drawn out final section, yet they can be overlooked since Stone has risked the messy, unwieldy stuff that more fastidious writers avoid for the consolation of order.

His kind of sprawling, contingent narrative sharply contrasts with three of this year's notable first novels by Thomas McGuane, Stephen Koch and Leonard Gardner, all of whom use a terse, angular structure. While none is terribly inventive or original, the self-contained form suits the material and, in each case, evidences skillful craftsmanship. McGuane is a patrician social satirist dealing in explosive comedy; Koch creates a species of *nouvelle vague* about incest; Gardner portrays West Coast futility in the stark, immaculate style of Ernest Hemingway.

On the surface, Gardner's *Fat City* seems a fairly conventional picture of the grubby boxing world and its familiar cast: a dazed fighter finished at twenty-nine; a punky kid getting his nose busted for a few bucks a throw; Blacks, Mexicans, Filipinos hustled by an exploitive manager. As a Puerto Rican supporting a large family, the manager stands out among these authentic but readily identifiable types as the only uncommon figure. Yet, small-time pugilism is not Gardner's subject *per se*. Judging from this novel and earlier stories, he is a regional writer uniquely rooted in central California, specifically Stockton. This ironically dubbed "fat city" supplies farm workers for fruit picking in the muddy fields and irrigation ditches of the San Joaquin river delta. Each morning men are transported there by pickup trucks and each night they are returned to sawdust restaurants and grimy hotels. Epitomizing their hopelessness are the exploited boxers who also go through painful movements for less than a fraction of the take. When they're too punchy for the ring, they join Stockton's other itinerants in the delta. Dreary, nagging images accentuate their futile cycle: "balmy air and diesel fumes," "a sagging porch roof," a "tireless car" abandoned among weeds, "a gigantic technicolor face speaking silently on the screen of a drive-in movie." Gardner brilliantly captures this purgatory between lush L. A. and cultured San Francisco. His muscular prose and shotgun scenes generate a horrifying emptiness, and his evasion of actual violence increases the pathos. Finally, it's the storyteller's compassion that transforms otherwise ordinary characters into poignant, dreamless beings who leave you with an awful gnawing ache at the pit of your stomach.

Stephen Koch arrives in a more decorous vein as an American Robbe-Grillet, using the objective observer to record phenomena with surgical precision. Because phenomenology alone counts, the events in *Night Watch* are meager. The plot, so to speak, revolves around an adolescent sister and brother

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who are isolated in a turn-of-the-century mansion on Long Island where their incestuous feelings lead the girl to fornicate on the lawn with an older man and the boy into a homosexual encounter with a Hell's Angel sort. These experiences intensify their mutual lust and, after a violent confrontation, the siblings come together for the sexual climax toward which the novel has been inexorably building. Koch records their thoughts and actions in breathless sequences, manipulating their situation for *nouvelle vague* effect. He suffuses their movements with a sensual, nostalgic atmosphere imitative of *Last Year at Marienbad.* Their emotions are conveyed à la avant-garde through objects like pornographic magazines and technicolor westerns. His present tense narration is an ambitious way to achieve immediacy, though the technique grows exceedingly irritating. Nevertheless, if the reader can withstand tedium and overstylization, the book will appeal for its well executed mystery and suspense. Given these strong points, Koch's work-in-progress, what he calls "a multiple-murder story," might prove an appropriate second attempt—hopefully less derivative and pretentious.

Easily surpassing the pyrotechnics of *Night Watch* is *The Sporting Club,* Thomas McGuane's dazzling accomplishment. This sophisticated entertainment should be made into a movie starring Terry Thomas as mad, decadent Vernor Stanton and Peter Sellers as squeamish, fantasy-ridden James Quinn. When not dueling in private, the two cavort at the expense of the stuffy squires who belong to a hunting-fishing club in northern Michigan where the action takes place. Hilarious things happen there, including a Marx Brothers chase and a para-military fiasco crowned by the Centennial Club's demise which Stanton and Quinn have engineered. The author's sympathies are unmistakable. He endorses his madcap pair through clever lampoons at the mid-western upper-uppers, articulating such barbs in ways that range from biting understatement to convoluted overstatement to raunchy metaphor pulled off with genteel aplomb. Despite his affinites, McGuane never allows love for his quasi-heroes to involve him personally in their sophomoric pranks. Unlike Donleavy and Amis, who do indulge in excess, this writer always maintains a lofty, satirical distance and so keeps a firm grip on the explosive material contained within his tight structure.

It would be unfair to conclude a discussion of this year's fictional debuts without at least mentioning three more talented novelists. Anna Winter comes to mind first because *Flesh and Blood* also treats incest though less extravagantly than *Night Watch* does. Her siblings are immigrants who have escaped the Warsaw Ghetto and now seek comfort away from their volcanic mother. Miss Winter's unnerving honesty and controlled passion make one eager for her next book. Another intelligent writer is this year's Houghton, Mifflin winner, Georgia McKinley. In *Follow the Running Grass,* she telescopes the history of a Dallas family through the shattering epiphany of one of its heretical sons, a New York civil rights lawyer who, upon returning home, realizes his immutable bond to the southern heritage he thought he had escaped. And, of course, there's Robert Deane Pharr's old-fashioned comic novel set during the Depression in Chicago's Black ward where three incorrigibles start a numbers racket, hence the title, *The Book of Numbers.*

So, if this year has not yielded a work of striking originality, at least six new novelists are obviously taking their craft seriously. And among them, two —Thomas McGuane and Leonard Gardner—hold real promise.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

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FATHER ROBERT E. MC NALLY, S.J., author of the *Unreformed Church,* is professor of historical theology at Fordham.

Religion and Change

DAVID L. EDWARDS

Harper & Row, $8

JOHN H. WRIGHT

"Absurdly audacious" is the author's own description of his purpose in writing this book. For he has attempted to survey and evaluate the social and intellectual forces operating in twentieth-century Christianity and to project both a new shape for the Christian church and a new statement of Christian belief. But more remarkable than his audacity is the extraordinary degree of his success.

David L. Edwards is Fellow and Dean of King's College, Cambridge, England. For some years he was Editor and Managing Director of the SCM press, and he compiled and edited the papers in *The Honest to God Debate.* The present book grew out of the Hulsean Lectures in the University of Cambridge in the Michaelmas term, 1967.

After an introductory survey of the present stage of world development in terms of secularization, humanism, and world unification—the "world come of age"—Edwards devotes a fourth of his book to a study of the social forces shaping religion throughout the world. For no matter how personal and private a religious experience may be, its understanding and verbal expression are dependent on the historical and social situation in which one is found; and a changing social structure inevitably influences the status and understanding of religion. Europe, Asia, Africa, and Latin America all illustrate this; but most notable is the social reality of religion in the United States. Edwards is inclined to think that the pluralism and the independence of the American churches set a pattern for the future of Christianity. And he finds that, in view of the popularity of American religion, what is surprising is not how *much* but how *little* its theological content has been diluted.

Freud's attack on religion gained strength from the impact of industrialization on men's minds. But the new de-

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velopments in cybernetics, which promise greater freedom for leisure pursuits, suggest that this latest stage in technology may lead to new expenditures of energy in the field of religion. Once again Edwards finds an indication of this possibility in the American scene, where religious activity is not only socializing and building gymnasiums, but also serious biblical and theological study with some mysticism.

These social and psychological forces largely account for the decline and fall of "Christian Dogmatism," understood as a finished, coherent body of teaching, based on a relatively uncritical acceptance of the authority of the Bible and the church. In somewhat different ways, in both Protestant and Catholic circles, the earlier unquestioned status of traditional formulations is disappearing. It is not likely that the older order of things will be replaced by Eastern religious systems, like Buddhism or Hinduism. Neither will a kind of "secular" religion, such as worship of "the Life Force" or of "Nature," eventually satisfy men's religious needs. It is to an updated Christianity that we must look most hopefully for our religious future.

On the basis of the forces now operating within Christianity, Edwards endeavors to judge what this updated form might eventually be. Ecumenism, which is drawing a splintered Christianity together while preserving the essential richness of many traditions, points the way however dimly to a unified church of the future. At the same time, the desire to be genuinely involved with the world's problems will prevent the energies of Christians from being merely inwardly directed toward domestic restructuring. The future shape of Christian church will open out to the world. Likewise, the need to communicate with minds that have been formed by science and newer philosophies will lead to a new statement of Christian faith in God and Christ, understandable within the contemporary framework yet preserving the mystery of the divine presence.

One need not agree with every conclusion and comment of Edwards in order to appreciate his broad scholarship, balanced judgment, and clear expression. Unquestionably the most significant challenge confronting Christian theology and life today is secularization. This challenge will not be met by evasion or retreat. The great contribution of this book is that it analyzes most perceptively the dimensions of this challenge, neither exaggerating nor underestimating its force, and points in hope not merely to peaceful coexistence but to the Christianizing of a secular culture.

Time and Timeliness

HENRI MARROU

Sheed & Ward, $5

ROBERT E. McNALLY

In this small book of essays (43 chapters in 178 pages) Henri Marrou, the distinguished specialist in the history of ancient Christianity, presents "a Christian theology of history" that finds its ultimate inspiration in Scripture as understood and explicated in the patristic tradition. Professedly Marrou is indebted to the *City of God* for the formation of his master ideas. Yet *Time and Timeliness* is more than a commentary on the great work of St. Augustine; it presents the author's personal conception of the meaning of salvation history and its polyphonic structure. It represents what he has learned "in the course of a long career" about the relevance of Christian revelation to the unfolding of world history.

The book is carefully conceived; it is readable and thoughtful, leaving much unsaid as a challenge for the reader to discover personally his own relation to the ebb and flow of human events. In view of its size and the range of content, this is a well proportioned book; it is written without benefit of deceptive jargon or impossible metaphysical constructs. It is rich in spiritual insight, and the central message comes across clearly. What Marrou has to say, he says; and he does not evince the slightest interest in whether readers (or reviewers) will characterize him or his work as liberal, conservative or whatever. There is an admirable honesty and sincerity about his style and manner that deserve respect, if not cordial agreement.

In its largest dimensions world history is for Marrou a vast triptych. In the center is the Incarnation, containing all that is essential; it is flanked on the left by the Old Testament as preparation, and on the right by "the third and final phase of God's plan." In this scheme of things history is concretely "the construction of the holy city, the growth of the Mystical Body," and its coming to fullness in space and time under the aegis of the one Lord of history.

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It is the age in which the petition, "Thy Kingdom come," is being progressively answered.

This concept of human development is basically and fundamentally Christian in the classical sense. It coincides with the well known Augustinian notion that mankind is now situated in the sixth age of the world, the epoch once commenced by the Incarnation and later to terminate in the eschaton. Christ has entered history. Mankind is redeemed. All that follows in this end-phase is the working out of the consequences of Incarnation and Redemption. Only the seventh age—eschatological glory—awaits man as the terminus of history, the decisive day on which the sun will never set. This is eschatology in its purest form.

Yet the eschatology that defines Marrou's approach to historical understanding is neither crass nor fundamentalist, nor is it "consequent," "existential," "fulfilled" or "anticipated eschatology." Structured on Scripture and tradition, it is an "inchoative eschatology" that is basic to his thought, one that is inaugurated in the past and is being accomplished in the present. Thus the Church in the now of her history moves, grows and matures, but she is not in terminal perfection. She must 'here below' bear the sweat and tears of existence. Until the future is totally accomplished, the Church grows mysteriously and realizes her messianic character. She must wait, therefore; but she must wait here and now with anxiety and activity. This present phase of her being is like "a Lenten period which should be one of penance and conversion"; but it is not an interlude of happy quiescence. It is a time to be seized, captured and used to realize in full our own individual Christian vocation. We must actively share in bringing to maturation the promises inherent in salvation history. Marrou's eschatological Church has neither sympathy nor patience for the proverbial 'basket-weavers.' "This is the time," he remarks, "during which our destiny is taking shape."

Obviously secularists will find in this important study very little that is congenial to their presuppositions. It is religious in the narrow sense of the term; it is Christian in its basic tenets, and it accepts the validity of metaphysics. Finally it affirms that "we can never feel entirely at ease in the secular city" with its failures, illusions and imperfections. Like St. Augustine before him, Marrou presents a Christian world-view. He invites us to construct it with him and to share it together. To describe the conclusions of this little book as definitive would both misrepresent it and do a disservice to its learned author. In his *Weltanschauung* as he sets it down here, the mystery of history is preserved, man's place in it demonstrated, and God's supremacy over it reclaimed. That is fundamental to a Christian theology of history.

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IN BRIEF

The Roman Catholic Church. By John L. McKenzie, S.J. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $6.95.

Father McKenzie's is as tidy a single-volume package on the Catholic Church, its pomps and its circumstances, as one might reasonably hope for. It is history, primer and narration of current travails, concisely and intelligently managed. The author is a man of known and definite points of view. Preferences are indicated, but scales are always meticulously balanced—sometimes maybe too much so.

The Non-Existence of God. By Howard R. Burkle. Herder and Herder, $5.95.

Although God has risen remarkably unbowed from the Deity Is Dead debate, a more substantial philosophical objection to his transcendent existence still lingers. Grinnell College professor Burkle discovers a species of modern anti-theism hung on the meaning of existence: Hegel, Sartre and Dumery deny God exists as an independent being. Burkle illustrates their basic distrust for the category of existence and constructs his own theodicy allowing both for traditional theism and human freedom.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 371)

parallels betweens the film's theme of love and what Catholics believe concerning Christian revelation. To describe my reflections as either baptizing the film or drowning it in holy water or to characterize my reaction to the film as "loutishness" seems a bit extreme.

Mr. Steinfels' most serious offense is that he violates the rules of literary overkill which demand that you correctly identify your victim. I am not a Jesuit. (REV.) ROBERT E. LAUDER

REPLY: I apologize for calling Father Lauder a Jesuit. PETER STEINFELS

Priests' Councils

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Your editorial in the Nov. 28 issue was most complimentary to me personally, and I sincerely appreciate your favorable reaction to my talk before the American bishops. For the record, however, I would like to correct two inaccuracies in the statistics you gave. The National Federation of Priests' Councils' membership consists of priests' senates and associations. Presently they number 127 councils. These councils represent approximately 35,300 priests. Of the total dioceses in the United States all but 33 have a council member in the Federation, or approximately 75%.

(REV.) PATRICK O'MALLEY

Clearance for HEW

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: I am glad that you are taking up the battle launched by Dan Prugh and carried forth nobly by Bryce Nelson of *Science* magazine to get rid of security clearance for HEW's scientific consultants ["Too Bad, Mr. Nobel Laureate," Nov. 13].

There is one inadvertent inaccuracy in the generally excellent article. Barthelmes writes, "There also has been one instance of a scientist who was denied appointment to an HEW advisory board yet received HEW funds to work on a project in his specialty area." Surely there are many such instances, since the objectionable blacklisting affects consultant appointments—a matter of government *employment*—and, happily, *not* the award of research grants. If the award of research grants were subject to political screening, things would be much worse than they are. They are bad enough as it is.

M. BREWSTER SMITH
Chairman, Dept. of Psychology
The University of Chicago

Some Progress

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I like to think that, contrary to some of the impressions apparently sought to be conveyed by the author of "Too Bad, Mr. Nobel Laureate," [11/21/69] the "upper hand" is making progress in learning what the "under hand" is doing, and staff assistants enjoy rather open access to the chief Department executives.

Further, an intensive Department review—now in an advanced stage—of current clearances practices employed by this and other government agencies may well suggest how we may move to assure fair and equitable treatment of scientists who may be nominated to advisory panels.

JOHN G. VENEMAN
Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare

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